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"HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY"

I have asked the makers of Marlboro—an enterprising and aggressive group of men; yet at the same time warm and lovely; though not without acumen, perfectly; and drive, which does not, however, mask their essential great-heartedness; a quality evident to all who have ever enjoyed the beneficence of their wares; I refer, of course, to Marlboro cigarettes, a smoke fashioned with such loving care and tipped with such an easy-drawing filter that these old eyes grow misty when I think upon it—I have asked, I say, the makers of Marlboro—that agree, gate of shrewd but kindly tobaccoists, by that cluster of beards would bound together determination to provide a cigarette forever *powerful and eternally pleasing*—I have asked, I say, the makers of Marlboro to whether I might use today's column to take up the controversial question: Should a good share expenses on a date?

"Yes," said the makers simply. We all shook hands then and exchanged each other's shoulders and changed brave smiles, and if our eyes were a trifle moist, who can blame us?

To the topic then: Should a good share expenses on a date? I think I can best answer the question by citing the following typical case: Powelson Newman, a student at Oklahoma A and M, majoring in bids and tallies, fell wildly in love with Mary Ellen Plunge, a flax weevil major at the same school. His love, he had reason to believe, was not entirely unrequited, and by and by he mustered up enough courage to ask her the all-important question: "Will you wear my 4-H pin?"

"Yes," she said simply. They shook hands then and exchanged each other's shoulders and if their eyes were a trifle moist, who can blame them?

For a time things went swimmingly. Then a cloud appeared. Mary Ellen, it seems, was a rich girl and accustomed to

Oh, foolish respect! Why have you not told me before?



Finally persuaded him of the wisdom of her course. From then on they split all expenses according to their incomes. Rather than embarrass Powelson by handing him money in public, a joint bank account was set up to allow him to write checks. Into this account each week they faithfully deposited their respective allowances—35 cents from Powelson; \$2,900 from Mary Ellen. And it worked fine! They were happy—truly happy! And what a nice little nest they graduated they had a nice little nest—eight million dollars—with which to furnish a lovely apartment in Lubbock, Texas, where lucky they operate the local laundromat.

So you see? You too can salvage your failing romance if you will only adopt a healthy, sensible attitude toward money.

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There is no obstacle when it comes to popular-priced Marlboro, or to Marlboro's popularly priced partner in pleasure—the unfettered, king-size Philip Morris Commander. Get aboard. You'll find long enjoyment for short money.